

An orphan story

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An orphan story

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# Animorphs: The Orphaned

>By Clayton Bryant <p><p>

### Prologue

Â Hi.Â My name is Ryan.Â Ryan Phillips.Â Maybe it's Ryan Phillips.Â That's what I call myself now anyway.Â I may have had that name always, but then again, maybe not.Â My life is full of maybes.Â Maybe I'll survive to see tomorrow. Maybe I won't.Â I guess I've become pretty depressing.Â I didn't use to be this way.Â I know that.Â I used to be more like my father was.Â Yes, was.Â I guess that's when I went this way.Â Down the path of attempted suicide, only to find people that would change my world.Â People that, no matter how hard I try, won't die.Â And then there are my friends, ha.Â I wish I had friends, but they are not my friends, just people who need me.Â Who need my help to survive, who need my help so the whole bloody race will survive.Â And if my enemies had it there way, it would be very bloody.Â Very bloody.

### Chapter One

>Â <br>Â I was little, four years old, when I had my first experience of fear.Â Not a lot of fear, but some.

>Â <br>Â "Mommy!Â The baby is crying!" I screamed.Â "Mommy!"Â I ran up the stairs.Â I had dropped Blaire's blocks on Amy to make her wake up, and now she was crying.Â I couldn't figure out why.

>Â "Ryan, what did you do?" My dad said coming down the stairs to intercept me.Â He was smart, he always knew me.Â I couldn't keep secrets from him. <br>Â "Nothing daddy,Â I just wake her up. She sleeping and I want talkto her.Â But then she start crywing," I said sad, I just wanted to talk to my baby sister.

>Â "Princess, she's a baby.Â She can't talk to you.Â I told you that last time.Â Did you drop Blaire's blocks on her again?" He asked with a slight reprimand in his tone.Â He was always good at that.Â Just slight, but it didn't hurt my feelings that bad.

<br>Â "Sorry daddy.Â I just want to talk to her.Â But she doesn't wake up.Â She eways sleeps all the days.Â When will she get old to talk to me.Â I wants to talk with her about mommy," I said innocently.Â I was slipping into my own personal language again.Â I could talk perfectly, amazing for a four-year old.Â But I liked to talk different.Â I can't explain it.Â Â It was stupid.Â But then, I am stupid.Â Very stupid.

>Â "What about mommy, what do you want to talk to Amy about?" He asked smiling, I heard my mom call it his, to die-for smile. <br>Â "I want to know why mommy likes Amy so much.Â Mommy is always talking to her, and mommy doesn't like me anymore.Â Mommy likes Amy better than me and Blaire," I said sobbing.

>Â "Honey," I heard from up the stairs, I looked up to see my mommy at the top of the stairway, "I love you just as much as Amy.Â But she's a baby, she needs more attention.Â If I didn't she'd cry all the time, and you wouldn't like that would you?" <br>Â Daddy gave mommy a strange look, "Not the approach I was going to take Rachel.Â You make Amy sound like a nuisance, not a helpless little baby," He smiled that smile again.

>Â "Oh Tobias, don't worry, Amy is not a nuisance, and Ryan doesn't think she is, do you?" Mommy asked me. <br>Â "What's a news ant?" I asked confused.Â I had never heard of a news ant before.

>Â "Nothing honey, don't worry about it.Â Amy isn't one.Â Don't worry.Â How about you go out and play on the swings," My dad said. <br>Â "Okay daddy," I said as I headed out the door.Â I heard mommy whispering something about the bedroom, but I didn't understand what they were talking about.

>Â I played outside with Blaire on the swings for a while, but then I decided I wanted to go see Sarah across the street.Â I knew I wasn't supposed to cross the street without mommy or daddy, but I thought I could do it myself.Â One of the many stupid things I've done in my life. <br>Â I started walking towards the side-walk, but Blaire also knew the mistake I was making.Â "Ryan, no Ryan.Â Mom say no walking street across without her.Â You be hurt," He said tugging at my arm.Â "No go."

>Â "Stop it Blaire," I said pushing him away.Â "I'm four, I can go, but you only free.Â I go see Sarah, you stay." <br>Â "I go tell dad!" He yelled and ran off toward the house.

>Â I didn't care, some people say it was like my mom, no, like my mom was.Â But I was stubborn and irrational.Â I did what I wanted most of the time. So I headed across the street. <br>Â I headed across the street, without looking.Â I got about five feet out, when I saw a car speeding at me.Â I was much too young to understand the implications, but that was terrifying.Â Pure terror.Â It was a red blurr, screeching in front of me like a bird of prey.Â Coming to swoop me up, to eat me alive.

>Â I felt something grab me, I rolled to the other side, right as the car flew past.Â "Ryan!Â Ryan!"Â It was my dad.Â My dad had just saved my life.Â "Ryan!Â What are you doing!Â Honey, Princess!Â

You were nearly killed!Â God!Â Ryan!Â What were you thinking?" He was hysterical.Â I didn't understand any of it at the time.Â I mean, I was only four, and all of this was happening so fast.Â It was hard to believe what had just happened.   
Â "RYAN!" Mommy yelled.Â She ran up to me and daddy screaming madly.Â I, at the time, couldn't figure out what had happened, let alone why they were acting so strange.

>Â The car had stopped and the driver had run out and came to see if we were okay.Â I thought I was, but mommy and daddy didn't sound okay.Â They were screaming wildly.   
Â "You're grounded!" was the next thing intelligible I heard.

>Â When everyone had calmed down, we went home and they gave me this big lecture, though I didn't know what a lecture was at the time, about how I couldn't just do whatever I wanted, I had to do what I was told, and never cross the street without them again.   
Â "Yes mommy, sorry daddy," I said sadly, finely realizing what I had just done, but it took years to realize what nearly happened, how I would have been killed, ceased to exist, and now I'm beginning to think it would have been better that way, if I had died then.Â But now, now I have this damn will to live.Â But it would have been simpler then.Â I didn't know what it was like to live in fear, not to have a life other than fighting, killing, nearly dying, every day in pain or fear, and usually both.

>Â

### ### Chapter Two

>Â One of the most exciting times of my life was when I was eight.Â It was my first experience flying, well, flying in a sense.Â I never would have realized what flying was, even when I was 700 feet off the ground in a training jet.   
Â It wasn't easy, my mom was totally against it.

>Â "Tobias!Â No!Â She's only eight, she can't fly a plane!" Mom said, her and daddy were arguing again about me taking flying lessons.Â For some reason daddy had a lot of experience flying, but I had never heard of him flying before.Â Though, until the day before I didn't realize that he worked as an engineer for the NASA mars project.Â And now I realize why that may have sealed his fate.   
Â "Come on Rachel, I'll be there, the instructor will be there, and I'll control the secondary instruments, there is nothing to worry about," He flashed her the smile that always made me feel safe inside, I loved that smile.

>Â Mom looked like she was about to agree, but then she got the look in her eyes that told me, no deal.Â "No, Tobias, I will not have you jeopardizing our daughter's life like that.Â Tobias, I know you like flying, I know that was the one thing that kept you sane when you were trapped, but it's not time for Ryan to fly.Â Not yet," Mom said with determination and compassion for whatever had happened to my dad.Â I had never heard of him being trapped, and I was curious to find out what it was.   
Â "Oh, come on Rachel.Â This is stupid, she's not going to get hurt, the new safety systems won't let her get a scratch!" Daddy said frustrated.Â He didn't want to give up, it was one of the few times I knew him to disagree with mom.Â And she was a shrewd business woman, that's what everyone said anyway.Â She was a surgeon, but I thought she could be a great lawyer like grandma.Â I had only met my grandmother once before, because she was busy allot.Â Well, that was what I had heard at first.Â Later I heard she didn't like daddy very much.Â She thought he was a freeloading bum that owed his career to grandpa.Â She didn't think

he was a good father figure.Â She was wrong, I couldn't think of anyone better to be a father than him.Â Sarah's dad never did anything with them, but my daddy, and I called him daddy till the day he died, always had time for us.Â He worked through our computer, a very nice computer.Â It had all the modern 3-dimensional panels and everything, most of it was brand new that year, 2012.Â But with all the equipment, he always had time to play.Â He was a great dad.

>Â Okay, I'm getting a little off subject here. <br>Â "No.Â Not another word," mom said in the tone she would use when I wanted to have ice-cream for breakfast.

>Â "Oh, come on Rachel, quit being so immature!Â This is stupid!"Â I had never heard daddy raise his voice before, it was scary, intimidating, but for some reason I knew he couldn't win against mom.Â She was a stubborn as an Ox, whatever that was.Â There weren't many animals where I lived, there weren't many animals most places, just cities, with the other 14 billion people on the planet. <br>Â "You're the one being immature!Â How you could be idiotic enough to even risk taking her on one of those deathtraps I'll never know!" She said getting in an offensive posture.Â This was getting pretty intense.

>Â "Oh, now I'm idiotic!Â I can't believe this.Â You know I would never do anything to endanger her life!Â Why are you being so stubborn, that's idiotic!" <br>Â "God!Â Tobias!Â You are being an Ass!Â You are not taking her!" Mom yelled, I'm surprised she didn't wake up Amy.Â Luckily Blaire was a sound sleeper, and didn't wake up either.

>Â "Rachel, this is... Rachel, this is the stupidest thing you've ever done!Â Damn!" he was still in his place, I thought he would lose it, but my dad kept his cool pretty well.Â But it didn't mean he wouldn't yell. <br>Â My mom started coming up the stairs, she went into her room, and came out with a pillow and a small blanket, "I don't care if it's Tuesday, you're sleeping on the couch!" she threw the pillow at him and then the blanket.

>Â "Oh, god!Â This is real mature," My dad said trying to come up the stairs, my mom threw another pillow at him and locked the door. <br>Â I knew daddy was probably cooling off already, he wasn't one to dwell on things beyond his control.

>Â He lay down on the couch and closed his eyes.Â I decided to get out of my secret hiding place and go to bed, I didn't want to be caught. <p>Â In the morning daddy came and got me up early.Â He said we were going flying. <p>

Â Two hours later we were in a air plane soaring in the sky.Â I couldn't believe it.Â It was the best thing I'd ever experienced.Â It was beautiful, for starters.Â And the freedom, the freedom was amazing.Â I can't even describe the freedom.Â It is like all the feelings of love and happiness inside you at once.

>Â I had thought about what mom had said.Â How she had forbaid me to fly.Â I wanted to think that she had finally agreed, but I knew that wasn't true.Â I had thought about it on the ride to the airport, but I couldn't say anything because I was supposed to be asleep the whole time the fight was going on.Â I thought about it only until we were at the airport, after that I was too busy having the time of my life. <br>Â "Wow!Â This is so cool!" I tell daddy and the pilot.Â My dad smiled, he knew the feeling I guessed, but I didn't know how right I was.Â He liked flying, I could tell that, so much that he would go against my mom's orders, orders that are very hard to disobey, to let me know how great it was.Â I loved him for that, doing what he knew I would like.Â And most of the time, fortunately, it was okay by

mom.

>Â I flew great, well, that's what dad said.Â And the instructor said I did good for my first time flying.Â I don't know if it was a compliment or just a "you did ok" kind of thing.Â When we got out of the plane, dad said he was in for it when we got home.Â I had to agree, I had seen my mom mad, really mad, but I doubted anything could top how she would be feeling when we got home. <br>Â When we got home daddy told me to go to Sarah's.

>Â I walked into Sarah's house, it was familiar, I had been there many times.Â Sarah was two years older than me,Â and she was very nice, even though I was younger.Â She always let me come over and play with her Virtual Reality games.Â I didn't have a lot of VR stuff at my house, but my dad had let me use his computer for it every once in a while.Â But I could always use Sarah's.Â She welcomed me in and I told her that my parents were going to fight. <br>Â "Oh, I thought so when your mom came over to see if you were here.Â When my mom told her no she said something about him taking you flying against her will.Â Was it fun, flying I mean?" Sarah asked.

>Â "Yeah!Â It was the funnest thing I'd ever done in my life!" I told her like the spirited 8 year old I felt like. <br>Â We talked for a while, then I went home.Â Dad looked like he had been yelled at, a lot!Â His hair was messes up, and so was mom's, and they had little scratches and looked like they had been sweeting quite a bit.Â Of course, I just assumed they were fighting.

>Â <br>Â When I found the diaries, years later, I found this entry.

Â It's me again, Tobias.Â I have to tell about my stupid action today.Â This is my "special memory" book.

Â I had just taken Ryan flying, against Rachel's explicit instructions.Â So explicit that she made me sleep on the couch when I argued about it.Â And it was Tuesday!Â Our night!Â I know we were both looking forward to it, but I had argued with a very shrewd women, and couldn't win.Â And in trying was the problem I got myself into.

>Â You would think I'd be smart enough to give up then, but I guess I'm not the smartest person.Â I got up early, 4 AM, and called and made reservations.Â I quietly awakened Ryan and hurried her into the car before Rach could wake up.Â I knew I was going to really be in hot water when I got home, but I really wanted Ryan to experience the joys of flying.Â When I was a hawk, the only reason I kept my head was because of flying.Â I would have tried more than that one time to kill myself, there were plenty of skylights to fly at. <br>Â And when we were flying, and I saw Ryan's face, I knew it was completely worth it.Â She was so happy!Â It made me realize the joys of being a father.Â And there were a lot of joys, but you don't think about it some times.Â Amy was now in Kindergarten, Blaire was in 3rd grade, and Ryan was in fourth, just three grades before I had to drop out.Â They were growing up soo fast!Â I had to enjoy it.

>Â Ryan flew amazingly well, I knew she was my daughter, flying experience in her blood.Â She was able to maneuver the plane like some people who had been flying six months.Â She was kind of disappointed in the instructor though.Â She didn't know him like I did, when he didn't comment it meant he thought she was doing well, but Ryan assumed she was messing up.Â But she was excellent, and I was proud of her. <br>Â "Tobias, for your sake I hope you have a really good excuse for taking Ryan thismorning!" Rachel yelled from upstairs when I shut the door on my way into the house.

>Â She started down with a menacing look on her face.Â I could tell she had thought a lot today.Â Probably been mad most of the time, and she had probably cried, so worried about Ryan she wanted to kill me.Â But now she was calm, very unRachel like.Â I guess if she had enough time, eight hours or more, she could become rational.Â At least, partly rational. <br>Â "Uh, hi honey," I breathed, hoping it wouldn't be the last time.

>Â "Well, come on, what's your lame excuse?" she asked me. <br>Â "Uh, well...Â Rachel, you know as well as I do where Ryan and I were.Â I was unable to resist the urge to let her experience flying to the extent our machines let us.Â You should have seen her face, she was estatic!" I said trying to be completely honest, not letting myself make some half-assed remark that would get me in more trouble.

>Â Rachel stared at me, she clenched her fists a couple of time, and then, she looked about to say something.Â "Ahhh!"Â She yelled, picked up the small lamp on the coffee table next to her and hurled it at me. <br>Â I barely dodged it as it smashed against the wall behind me.

>Â "Tobias!Â Dammit!Â I trusted you!Â I thought I could trust our daughter in your hands, I thought...Â I thought that you were responsible enough..."Â Rachel cried and fell down onto the couch crying.Â I had been right, she had been thinking a lot, and she had had no outlet for her stress.Â It was killing her. <br>Â I immediately went to her side.Â Trying to give her comfort, the little I could do would have to be good enough.

>Â "Rach, come on honey... Ryan is okay, I'm okay, she had a great time...Â I wouldn't have done it if she wasn't safe.Â I know that taking her without letting you know when, and without your permission was wrong, but I... I had to let our little girl experience the freedom of flight.Â I had to," I say, hugging her close, her hands in mine. <br>Â She looked up at me, and I felt our eyes meet.Â With all the emotional turmoil she had been through, she needed a release, we both did.Â She kissed me hard on the lips, then moved to nibble on my ear, and I was already taking her clothes off.

Â There was more, but I respect my parents privacy, though, they can't really be ashamed or dishonored now.

### ### Chapter Three

>Â Ah, the trip to the grandparents house, a time of getting to know your roots.Â Or so, that is how it should be. <br>Â When I was ten, my mother convinced daddy that we had to go visit her parents.Â Dad's parents were dead, or so I was told.Â But it wasn't going to be easy.Â My grandma wanted to see her grandchildren, but unfortunately for her, Dad came with the package.Â He would have been happy to stay home, but mom insisted he come, and possibly he and grandma could grow closer, yeah right.

>Â But, as I said before, once mom has her mind set on something, it happens.Â Two weeks after school was out, we were headed to grandma and grandpas. <p>To be continued. <p>

End  
file.